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15

VERSES

On the DEATH of

LADY ANSON,

Addreſſed to Her FATHER.

MDCCLX.

VERSES

On the DEATH of

LADY ANSON.

O CROWN'D with honor, bleſt with length of days,
Thou, whom the wiſe revere, the worthy praiſe;
At once thy Sovereign's, and thy Country's friend,
Their equal rights impartial to defend;
Juſt guardian of thoſe laws thy voice explain'd,
And meriting all titles thou haſt gain'd;
Tho ſtill the faireſt from Heaven's bounty flow;
For good and great no monarch can beſtow:
Yet thus, of health, of fame, of friends poſſeſt,
No fortune, HARDWICKE, is ſincerely bleſt.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

All

All humankind are ſons of ſorrow born:
The great muſt ſuffer, and the good muſt mourn.

For ſay, can *Wiſdom*'s ſelf, what late was thine,
Can *Fortitude*, without a ſigh, reſign?
Ah no! when *Love*, when *Reaſon*, hand in hand,
O'er the cold urn conſenting *Mourners* ſtand,
The firmeſt heart diſſolves to ſoftneſs here:
And piety applauds the falling tear.
Thoſe ſacred drops, by virtuous weakneſs ſhed,
Adorn the living, while they grace the dead:
From tender thought their ſource unblam'd they draw,
By Heaven approv'd, and true to Nature's law.

When his lov'd *Child* the *Roman* could not ſave,
Immortal Tully, from an early grave *,
No common forms his home-felt paſſion kept:
The ſage, the patriot, in the parent wept.
And O by grief ally'd, as join'd in fame,
The ſame thy loſs, thy ſorrows are the ſame.

* Tullia died about the age of two and thirty. She is celebrated for her filial piety; and for having added, to the uſual graces of her ſex, the more ſolid accompliſhments of knowledge and polite letters.

SHE, whom the *Muſes*, whom the *Loves* deplore,
Even She, thy pride and pleaſure, is no more:
In bloom of years, in all her virtue's bloom,
Loſt to thy hopes and ſilent in the tomb.

O SEASON mark'd by mourning and deſpair!
Thy blaſts how fatal to the Young and Fair?
What funerals has thy cruel ravage ſpred?
What eyes have ſtream'd? what noble boſoms bled?

HERE let *Reflection* fix her ſober view:
O think, who ſuffer, and who ſigh, like you!
See, rudely ſnatch'd, in all her pride of charms,
Bright GRANBY, from an abſent huſband's arms!
In climes far-diſtant, ſee that huſband mourn;
His arms revers'd, his recent laurel torn!
Behold again, at Fate's imperious call,
In one dread inſtant blooming LINCOLN fall!
See her lov'd Lord with ſpeechleſs anguiſh bend!
And, mixing tears with his, thy nobleſt friend,
Thy PELHAM grieves, the honour'd and the wiſe—
Again, in *Her*, a long-loſt *Brother* dies!

And *He*, who long, unſhaken and ſerene,
Had Death, in each dire form of terror, ſeen,
Thro worlds unknown o'er unknown oceans toſt,
By Love ſubdu'd, now weeps a Conſort loſt:
Now, ſunk to fondneſs, all the man appears,
His eye dejected, and his ſoul in tears!

Yet more---nor thou the Muſe's voice diſdain,
Who fondly tries to ſoothe a Father's pain---
Let thy calm eye ſurvey the ſuffering ball:
See kingdoms round thee, verging to their fall!
What ſpring had promis'd, and what autumn yields,
The bread of thouſands raviſh'd from their fields!
See youth and age, th' ignoble and the great,
Swept to one grave, in one promiſcuous fate!
Hear Europe groan! hear all her Nations mourn——
And be a private wound with patience borne.

Think too——and reaſon will confirm the thought——
Thy cares, for Her, are to their period brought.
Yes, She, fair pattern to a failing age,
With wit, chaſtis'd, with ſprightly temper, ſage;

Whom

Whom each endearing name could recommend,
Who all became, wife, ſiſter, daughter, friend;
Unwarp'd by folly, and by vice unſtain'd,
The prize of virtue has, for ever, gain'd!
From life eſcap'd, and ſafe on that calm ſhore
Where ſin and pain and error are no more,
She now no change, nor You a fear can feel:
Death, to her fame, has fix'd th' eternal ſeal!

The end.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM